

The Frances Shimer Record

December, 1921



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGOdollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefore, withinmonths after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

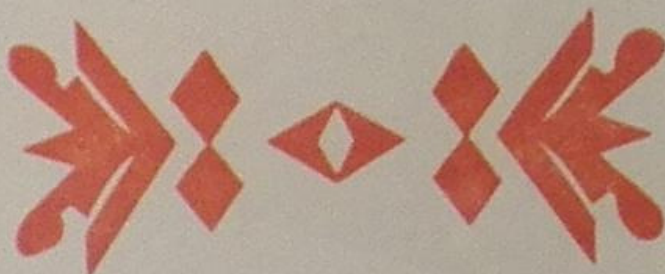
also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.

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Christmas Carols

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Evea Cook, College '22

It was many years ago,
Away in the East, they say,
That under the beautiful starlit sky
A child in a manger lay.

Mary, the little child's mother,
Took her baby on her knee,
And called him the Little Lord Jesus
Whom the wise men came to see.

IN BETHLEHEM

Vera Pooley, Academy '22

Years ago on a Christmas morn,
To Mary and Joseph a son was born.
The Shepherds led by the star so bright
Reached Bethlehem in the early light.

They found the babe in a manger low,
With his mother bending o'er him, so
The wise men gazed on the sleeping child,
And gifts of wealth near him they piled.

The heavenly light shone from his face,
Showing the glory of holy grace.
A little lamb by the manger lay
Fast asleep on a heap of hay.

Neri's Quest

Charlotte Hageman, Academy '22

"Thou son of perfidy, didst count them all? Has every sheep found its place in the fold?" roared Naum. "Answer, foolish one! Shall I brain thee?"

Neri, approaching, stopped uncertainly at the words. He looked at the little group resting before the warmth of the fire. They were strong, stalwart men, Hebrew shepherds, roughened by their life on the hills of Judea. The life was not a complex one; they were content with their sheep and asked little more than was given them. Neri scanned their faces a little fearfully and especially did he shrink from the countenance of Naum, chief of them all. Should he tell Naum of the missing sheep and take the beating to-night or wait the morrow? Never good came of waiting. Better to risk the wrath now.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

"Answer," Naum growled again, touching his rod with a suggestive motion.

"Jehovah help me," murmured Neri; and then aloud, "Nay, master, two are missing. A ewe and its lamb."

At his words Naum sprang to his feet, black eyes blazing, rod in hand. "Did I not tell thee, boy, to watch the rear carefully even to the last sheep? Thy negligence can go no longer."

The rod fell sharply upon Neri's shoulder, but before the blow could be repeated, Naum's best shepherd and assistant laid a detaining hand upon his wrist.

"Strike the lad not, Naum, waste not strength. The sheep must be found. Let him seek them."

With warmth a little diminished Naum turned again to the fire, much to Neri's relief. "Then give him his allotment of melleh and olives and let him begone. Time passes."

Crouching near a boulder where he might be sheltered against the coldness of the night, Neri ate his olives and a part of the melleh. Then he unclasped the thong that bound a leather pouch to his wrist. Opening the pouch, he spread its contents carefully on the ground before him. Two thin scrolls of papyrus—his only record of his line—and an ancient fillet of finest texture, he found. Wrapping the articles in a scrap of linen he put them back; that part of the melleh as yet uneaten followed and a flask of thin wine. Having tied the pouch again to his side, he pulled his cloak tightly about him, covered his head, found his rod, and left the place.

The heavens above him gleamed dark blue; there was no moon, only a few stars shone in that mysterious sky. As Neri followed the trail back, the odor of the sheep grew less noticeable and the jesting of the men around the fire became only a murmur. Now a wind sprang up, sharp and cutting. It held no single course, for now it stung his face and then pushed him onward.

"Weary and footsore as I am, it is not just that I must seek the sheep while the shepherds feel the fire's glow," murmured Neri. "They were lost through no fault of mine. Naum pays me no wages and gives me food and clothing barely sufficient for strength. Just because I know neither father or mother—but I need not feel shame for my blood. That Matthat himself told me. I am not bound to them. If I might find another master shepherd who had work for a boy such as I, perchance then could I become mine own master with wages on the shearing days."

Thus with rebellion in his heart Neri returned to the sheep path. Very plainly the footprints of many sheep showed on the trampled ground. Then as his eyes left the spot, he became aware that many boulders and the dips of ravines stood out with startling clearness for a moonless night. Neri relaxed his pace that he might see any glint of white. Finally he stopped to listen for the bleating. It was then that he became aware of the great stillness encompassing the bare rocks and hillsides around him. He stood still, a little dismayed by

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the lonesomeness of the place. Then leaning on his rod, he brought his hands to his face in the peculiar manner of the Hebrew shepherd and gave the call. A little space, and the echoes rolled it back upon his ears again and again. Still no answering bleat. Must he leave the track and search?

But whence came the singular radiance that filled earth and sky with light? High up in the heavens shone a single star—sparkling and brilliant. Every far-away ray seemed to have been caught and doubled in the light of this blazing, white body. Now it seemed to move a little space across the sky.

"Whither art thou leading me, O white one? Art thou calling me to follow?" Neri cried with wondering heart.

So quickly away from the track, clutching his rod tightly, Neri climbed. The swift pace and hard path tried him beyond belief. From hill to hill he moved, always following the glorious star. It was a surprise, indeed, when he climbed down the sides of a ravine and found himself a little distance from a group stretched around a fire. He turned swiftly to climb again the slopes when a man, exceedingly tall, parted from the group and approached him.

"Peace be with thee," the stranger greeted him kindly.

"To thee and thine, peace," Neri murmured.

The stranger seemed only a shepherd dressed in the coarse garments of a shepherd, yet something about him, perhaps the head band he wore, betokened higher rank than Neri was accustomed to see.

"I am Kedar, a shepherd of Bethlehem, and thou—?" said the stranger with simple dignity.

"I am Neri, of the course of Melchi of the tribe of Benjamin," Neri replied.

"Then, welcome, Neri, to our fire. The night is cold. Art thou too, watching the star?"

They approached the fire together, and Kedar announced him to the group: "This is Neri, our guest."

The men made room for the boy, while one offered him melleh. Now the increasing brilliancy of the star attracted attention, and Neri rose with the rest of them. Before their eyes an angel came, descending as if from the star. The shepherds fell to their knees trembling. Then a voice like music came to them:

"Fear not; for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger."

Then with the angel, appeared a mighty host, singing: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." The angels vanished and the star's brilliancy slowly diminished.

After a little while, the shepherds rose from the ground, and sought Kedar, speaking in awed whispers.

"Let us go at once to Bethlehem. Is not that the City of David?"

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

We are near. Let us hasten, master."

"And leave the sheep?"

"But the boy here? He may guard them. Thou knowest the way, boy?"

"Nay," cried Neri. "I will see the Messiah, too. It is my quest. I too, will find the City of David. The star will lead me."

"Men, let us not forget the boy is our guest. Jehovah will care for the sheep. Let us leave," Kedar made answer.

Obedying his command, they left the sheep and started across the hills following the star. The way seemed easy even to weary Neri. Soon it brought them to the walls of Bethlehem. They approached the gates, and Kedar brought down the watchman with a cry:

"We seek entrance!"

"Your business?"

"A mission in the city in the name of the Lord."

"Enter then."

The gate swung open, and the little party entered Bethlehem.

The city lay deep in sleep. Through narrow, crooked streets, completely deserted, they found their way, always the star leading them. For a little while no one stopped them, but as they passed the dwelling of the tax-collector a soldier accosted them:

"What mean you by waking the city with noise; what are you doing here?"

"Peace be with thee, we seek the new born Messiah."

"This is the second band I have met, knowing of a new Messiah, though the first were kingly strangers. Back to your sheep! Caesar Augustus is your king."

But the little group went on. Now the star led them to the opposite side of the city, and at last it seemed to stop before the door of an old inn. A man in flowing robes met them.

"Peace! What seek ye?"

"Jehovah guard thee!" We seek the new born babe wrapped in swaddling clothes," Kedar answered.

"Thou wilt find none here," the man replied.

"Master," Neri whispered, "The babe was to be found lying in a manger."

"Thy memory serves us well. Keeper, lead us to your fold."

Past the open court, past the inn, to the fold, they went, and stooping a little beneath its low walls, they entered. A light drew them to the farther end. In the manger before them lay the babe, the long-looked for, cherished Messiah! The angel's words: "—A Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord," rang in Neri's ears. The divine presence forced them to their knees, and yielding humbly, they fell down and worshipped. After a little the boy and the shepherds rose. Around the Christ-child they saw gems, gems of wondrous beauty, myrrh and frankincense. Looking long at them, Neri unfastened the pouch from his waist and from it he took the linen-bound package. Unwrap-

ping it he lifted the ancient fillet of exquisite texture; trembling a little he knelt and placed it at the feet of the Messiah.

Again the shepherds bowed before the babe and with joy filling their hearts, left the fold. Outside the dawn was sending its first faint harbingers across the sky, but the star still remained. Then Kedar turned to Neri and spoke:

"Oh, Neri, of the line of Melchi, of the tribe of Benjamin, thou hast found a father in me, for I am without son. By thy gift, thou hast made thyself worthy and pleasing in my sight. Thou shalt be blessed henceforth and forever. Thus hath the Lord desired."

The Child at Christmas

A LETTER TO SANTA

Stella L. Durant, College '23

Dear Santa:—

I'm a good little boy,
Who wants just lots and lots of toys.
I'd like a hammer and Noah's Ark,
And a teeter-totter, like they have in the park.
I want a sled and a tool chest, too.
And maybe a tent and a red canoe.
I'll be so good, just wait and see;
You don't know how good I can be.
I'll watch the baby and scrub each ear
And won't be naughty for a whole long year.
I'll hang up my stocking now, Santa dear,
In hopes that you'll fill it while you're here.

PETER

Mary Dudley, Academy '23

Once upon a time,
In the days of yore
There was a little grey-haired mouse,
Who lived behind the door.
Peter was this mouse's name,
He always loved to roam;
He liked to climb the pantry shelves,
He never stayed at home.

It was Christmas evening;
All the house was still,
Peter had been put to bed,
And tucked in with a will,
But Peter didn't stay there;
He couldn't go to sleep.
He jumped right up and left his bed
And started in to creep.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Through the silent kitchen,
Through the pantry dark,
Peter softly made his way,
Thinking, "What a lark!"
Next he reached the parlor,
He saw a wondrous sight,
A beautiful big Christmas tree,
All hung with tinsel bright.

Standing there all dressed in red
With his pack of toys,
Stood the good old Santa
Who comes to girls and boys.
He was putting presents
On the Christmas tree,
Peter stood and watched him,
Too afraid to flee.

Just then Santa saw him,
"What do you want to see?"
Peter stammered softly,
"Is there anything for me?"
"In my bag," said Santa,
"There is a piece of cheese,
For a mouse named Peter,
His hunger to appease."

"This Peter minded Mother;
He didn't like to roam,
He never climbed the pantry shelves
He always stayed at home.
I see that you're not Peter,
And so, I do believe,
I'll take my pack of toys and dolls,
And up the chimney leave."

Peter was a sad young mouse,
But a wise one, too.
For he'd learned a lesson,
Although his years were few.
Now he will remember,
Never more to roam,
Because the cheese is only
For the mouse who stays at home.

A CHRISTMAS EVE WARNING

Mabel Morris, College '23

Almost time for Santa Claus.
Scamper off to bed, because
Santy's old and kind of queer;
We wouldn't want it to appear
Like we were 'fraid he wouldn't come,
He'd probably just peek and run.

THE WISH

Ruth Chrissinger, Academy '22

Old Kris Kringle in his shop,
Worked all day and couldn't stop.
"Christmas is so near," he said;
"Every doll must have her head:
Every sled a painted coat;

Every flock a fleecy goat,
Every playhouse, walls and roofs;
Every hobby horse its hoofs.
Children grow too good, 'tis clear,
When it comes this time of year."

Old Frau Kringle dragged across
Bags of mail marked, "Santy Claus."
"All those children over-seas,"
Said she, "call you what they please."
But she said it with a smile,
Dressing dollies all the while.
Then he took the letters out,
Read them all, without a doubt.
"Dear me!" said he, "What is this?
One child only wants a kiss.

"Listen to her wish, my dear,"
(On his cheeks there shone a tear).
"Dear Old Santy, give my toys
To the other girls and boys;
But on Christmas Eve, so bright,
Please, oh, please, kiss me good night!"
Old Kris Kringle shook his head:
"That's a wish I'll grant," he said.

A Recipe for Christmas Joy

Helen Carr, College '23

For obtaining real Christmas joy, follow this recipe carefully and do not scrimp the measurements. Into a big golden bowl, which is the shape of a Christmas smile, there must first be sifted three pounds of

good will, mixed with a package of Yuletide brand enthusiasm. Add to this three cupfuls of "Do not open till Christmas," and let stand near a Christmas wreath. Next drop in four teaspoons of bright-eyed merriment and stir vigorously to the tune of Christmas carols. The last ingredient consists of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty "Merry Christmas's," which should be well mixed in on Christmas day. This is a large recipe and provides amply for all of your friends or any one you may chance to meet.

A Letter to Ghosts from Two Ghosts

To the Spooky Seven:

Dead Shot and I want to tell you why we weren't at the meeting of the Clan on Saturday night, October twenty-ninth. We were called to earth by a decidedly live band of—Juniors, they called themselves. They wanted us to haunt a ballroom in which they were giving a party. Dead Shot and I had quite a time getting to earth unseen; we weren't used to prowling around at such an earthly hour as seven-thirty. After we passed through the Valley of Death and the Plain of a Thousand Souls, we reached the Land of Life, and here we were greeted by our hostesses. They took us immediately to the ballroom which we had been asked to haunt. The sight of all the festivity charmed us so very much that we forgot that we had been asked for a particular purpose; we immediately became invisible spectators. The ballroom was decorated with pictures of cats and witches, and I'm sure I saw a picture of Comrade Bloody Bill. Everyone wore masks and queer clothes. The first event was a Grand March—that is what they call it on earth, but it was just a spook parade. All evening those foolish mortals jumped around to a noise that they called Jazz music. Didn't it wake you up? Two little cats danced awhile to amuse the folks. Then everyone ate some very little cats—they called them Licorice—it's a good thing they have nine lives, isn't it? At nine-thirty a bell rang and everyone scampered off just as we do after one of our meetings.

The only dead thing about this party were your two comrades,
DEAD SHOT DEMON and
TERRIBLE TOM.

Hesperis October 30

On Sunday evening, October 30, Mrs. Wiswell, who was here visiting her daughter over the week-end, kindly consented to sing for us. She has a very sweet, clear, and resonant voice. Charlotte Hageman and Genevieve Freeman, besides accompanying Mrs. Wiswell, played several violin and piano selections. Everyone enjoyed the evening very much, and all wish to express their appreciation of Mrs. Wiswell's kindness in giving us this pleasure.

The entire program was as follows:

"By the Waters of Minnetonka"	-	-	-	Lieurance
"From the Land of the Sky Blue Water"	-	-	-	Cadman

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

"I Would Weave a Song for You"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Penn
"Spanish Dance"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Moskowski
"Cavatina"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Brahm
Charlotte Hageman									
"French Song"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Rimski Korsakoff
"Spring's Awakening"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sanderson
"The Lass with the Delicate Air"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Arne
"At Dawning"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Cadman
"Ma Curly Headed Baby"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Chitsam
"Just You"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Burleigh
"Irish Love Song"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lang

Miss Moss's Visit

On October 29th and 30th the Y. W. C. A. had the great pleasure and honor of a visit from Miss Moss, the Field Secretary for this territory. Our guest arrived Friday evening and began her first day by taking breakfast with the girls in the dining-room.

In the morning Miss Moss held office hours in her room in College Hall, in order that the girls who wished might talk with her individually and perhaps receive helpful advice concerning their future plans.

From three-thirty to four-thirty Miss Moss met the Y. W. C. A. cabinet and told them many interesting facts concerning the work of the Y. W. C. A. organization in other schools. One of the things that she explained was the European Student Relief Fund with which such wonderful work is being done in Europe. A budget has been arranged for our organization, and Frances Shimer girls may well be proud to contribute to the support of such a fine work.

Sunday afternoon Miss Moss led the regular Y. W. C. A. meeting, choosing as her topic, Friendship. She showed what a wonderful and necessary thing a true friend is in every person's life.

Sunday evening Miss Smith served tea for Miss Moss, Miss Morrison, and the cabinet.

Because of her delightful personality and sincerity and earnestness in her work, the whole organization felt better able to go on with its work in a truly sincere way. Miss Moss's visit was such a fine inspiration to all that the girls of Frances Shimer are looking forward, already, to her visit next year.

Honor Roll, November 3, 1921

FIRST: Those whose average is 85 or above in each scholastic study:

Shirley Dean,	90.25
Elizabeth Griffin	87.25
Myrtle Hall,	87.25

SECOND: Those whose average is 85 or above in all scholastic studies but who fell below 85 in one or more of the studies:

Alice Winston,	87.75
Alice Douglas	87

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Edith Mae Whitfield,	86.5
Judith Aaron,	86.25
Monica Wells,	85.67
Ruth King,	85.5
Helen G. Clark,	85.25
Laura Frazier,	85
Helen Miller,	85
Olga Ohlrich,	85

"The Rivals"

"The Rivals," presented by the Coffey-Miller Players, at Metcalf Hall, November fifth, is correctly called "The Greatest Laughing Success Ever Written." The audience was kept in constant merriment by Mrs. Malaprop's clever acting and her use of the right words in the wrong place. Bob Acres was very funny; his change of facial expression was marvelous, and no one could help sympathizing with him in his fear of the oncoming duel with the handsome "Beverley" alias Captain Jack Absolute. Sir Anthony Absolute was an old man who had a very difficult time arranging Jack's love affairs with lovely Lydia Languish. Sir Lucius O'Trigger, a burly Irish Baronet, also added much humor to the play, and the two stupid servant-men, Fagg and David, played their parts well. The clever doubling of roles is still a mystery to many, and the quick changes seemed almost impossible. The eighteenth century costumes were gorgeous with beautiful colors and heavily embroidered satins and velvets. The stage setting was simple with green hangings lining the stage, and only the necessary articles of furniture for the actors' use. No one who had the opportunity to see this fine company of artists could help hoping that another performance might be booked for a day in the near future.

Vespers, November 6

At the Vesper service Sunday evening, November 6, Dean McKee followed a specially arranged program which was suggested for use throughout the country in remembrance of Armistice Day. The service was opened by a hymn, and followed by responsive reading. The special music of the evening was a violin solo, played by Frances Gorsaline, accompanied by Genevieve Freeman. The invocation and another hymn closed the opening service. The scripture passage was taken from Isaiah. The subject of the address was, "The Warless World." In this Dean McKee said that life had always been a struggle and that fighters such as Washington, Napoleon, Caesar, and Pershing have been most honored men. War has won and held most precious possessions, developed courage, preserved liberty and protected of the innocent and weak. But, firemen, policemen, explorers, lumbermen and caretakers, were spoken of to prove that war is not needed to bring out courage. War teaches self-mastery, obedience and sacrifice. It develops the finest human qualities, but there are other ways to produce the same results. A warless world would be

a rich world, for war consumes the world's wealth. War is the mother of frightful evils. It brings moral and intellectual degradation. A warless world devoted to spiritual warfare would be worth living and dying for. The services were closed with a prayer and a hymn.

"Bashful Mr. Bobs"

On the morning of November 12, we noticed a poster in Metcalf Hall announcing "Bashful Mr. Bobs," to be given by the College Sophomores. So this was the name of the College Sophomore Play. It had been kept a secret until that very day. That evening found everyone going toward Metcalf Hall. The curtain rose at eight o'clock. Pearl Kulp made a stunning "Mr. Bobs," and played her part wonderfully well. Wanda Evans as Obadiah Stump, made us all laugh with her "spunctures" and other mispronunciations. Edna Kosher, as Marston Bobs, cousin of the bashful one, proved very fickle, but finally ended by becoming engaged to Celesta Vanderpoel, a movie actress, which part was taken by Myrtle Hall. Marjorie Smith, who took the part of Frederick Henderson, and his wife, Helen Patton, were found to be able advisers of Joan Graham—Bess Kirtley—in her troubles. Mary Lohr, as Julie, Celesta's French maid from Paris, (Kentucky), Martha Skinner as a society bud, Frances Zangle as an athletic girl, and Florence Francke as Mrs. Wiggins, the hotel keeper, were very good in their parts.

The audience enjoyed the evening and congratulate those who worked to prepare the play.

Vespers, November 13

The vesper service Sunday evening, November thirteenth, was opened by a hymn, followed by responsive reading. Miss Carlock, who had charge of the service, read the fairy story, "The Three Weavers." The service was closed by the singing of another hymn.

Artist Recital

There was considerable curiosity to hear the new French pianist, Maurice Dumesnil, who is making his first tour of America, and who appeared Wednesday evening, November 16, in one of the most brilliant recitals ever given at Frances Shimer. It is a pleasure to record that he fully measured up to the expected standard, and gave an example of piano playing which not only offered the keenest enjoyment, but was rich in instruction for the general audience and students.

Mr. Dumesnil seems to possess all the qualities necessary to a great pianist, and one could only admire afresh the wealth of tonal beauty, the exquisite delicacy of phrasing, and all the beauties of detail with which he imbues his interpretations. To play so taxing a program and invest it with the varied artistry it demanded, is a great test, yet he successfully accomplished this task and proved himself a great artist, equally at home in all schools. The Haydn Variations in

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

F Minor with which he opened his program were given with a remarkable clarity of tone and beautiful phrasing, while in the Sonata Appassionata of Beethoven he reached heights which few artists can attain. In his hands it took on a new significance. His Chopin is poetic, yet broad in line, and shows the wonderful variety of color at his command; while Liszt as he offers it is more than mere technical display. Although possessed of a technic of almost incredible accuracy, which enables him to work up to climaxes of great power, he never strives to display it at the cost of his musical intentions.

Some characteristic modern things by Debussy, Vuilleman, and Kreisler-Stefaniani were unique and delightful features of the program and presented the artist in a new light. Recalls were numerous and enthusiastic, and additional numbers included Mr. Dumesnil's own arrangement of an Air by Rameau, Chopin's Berceuse and the Waltz in A flat.

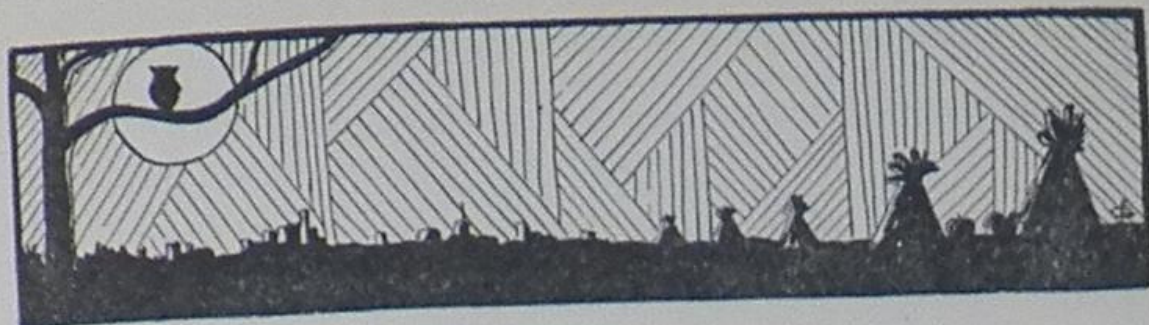
The evening afforded an exceptional opportunity of hearing a great artist in a great program, and must be numbered among the real events by all fortunate enough to have been counted among those present.

"Lady Rose's Daughter"

Saturday, November 1, we had a movie, "Lady Rose's Daughter," in which Elsie Ferguson starred. Besides the main feature there was a cartoon comedy (all about the circus), and a reel from the Paramount Magazine. Genevieve Freeman and Martha Barnhart entertained us with readings and piano solos during the intermission.

Vespers, November 20

The topic of the Vesper service for November twentieth, of which Miss Willis was the leader, was "Making the Best of Things." The service was opened by singing a hymn, followed by scripture reading. Miss Willis read an essay from "Vesper Talks to Girls," which told us how to look on the bright side of everything and, whatever our surroundings are, to make the best of them. The service was closed by singing a hymn.



Thanksgiving Day

The Game

Early Thanksgiving morning, everyone was awake and stirring before the rising bell, and at six-thirty promptly, both Academy and College girls filed out merrily to the campus—Academy in white and College in red middies. Here they formed into two groups—each cheering wildly for her own team, and winding about the campus in an ecstatic snake-dance. Everyone's lungs were put in good shape for the coming game, and at seven o'clock, when the breakfast bell rang, all traipsed in with ruddy cheeks to do justice to their breakfast.

The big Champion Ball Game of the year was scheduled for nine-fifteen A. M., and at nine-thirty both teams were on the floor—Academy in white with gold head-bands, and College in red with red head-bands. The lineup was as follows:

Academy.		College.
G. Hubbell	Capt.	E. Kneeland
M. Hopkins	Capt. G.	M. Tingdale
M. Dudley	B. M.	A. Douglas
E. Wiswell	B. M.	M. Wells
V. Harrington	B. M. G.	D. Sorenson
M. Warfield	B. M. G.	M. Thompson
C. Hageman	C.	M. Hall
P. Kizer	R. C.	M. Skinner

With frantic cheers from the on-lookers, the game began, and all through it the audience was held in breathless excitement, for the two teams were so evenly matched that it was impossible for anyone even to guess at the outcome. The first quarter ended 0 to 0; the second quarter 2 to 0, in favor of the College; the third quarter ended with still the same score; but in the fourth quarter, just as time was about to be called, amid the breathless excitement, Academy scored two points on throws, making the final score 4 to 2, in favor of the Academy.

It certainly was the most exciting game the School has ever witnessed, according to the old girls who have seen the games in preceding years; and judging by the cheers, and the hoarse voices the day after, one would almost be led to believe that it was the most exciting game that anyone had ever seen.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Thanksgiving Chapel Service

The chapel service began at twelve o'clock. The program was as follows:

"America"

Scripture Reading

Vocal Solo, Miss Kesson, "A Song of Thanksgiving," by Allitsen

Prayer

Hymn

Address, Dean McKee

"Star Spangled Banner," The Chorus

Benediction.

In Dean McKee's talk, he brought out the significance of the day, which should make us think of God, our homes, and what we have to be thankful for. Especially he spoke of the opportunities given to girls in this part of the world for education, and our contribution to the world. Thanksgiving Day is one of happiness and fun, and it should also be a day when we go away by ourselves for a little while and really think whether we are making a return for all we have.

The Dinner

At one o'clock the dinner bell rang, and the different classes marched into the dining-room preceded by their counselors. Credit must certainly be given Miss Darrow for the appearance of the dining-room, which was most beautifully decorated. All the shades were pulled down, and the only light was from the flickering candles on the tables. There were eight long tables in the room, the Dean's table, the faculty table, and the six class tables. The counselor of each class, aided by Miss Darrow, had arranged artistically place cards, flowers and ferns, so that the whole effect on entering the dining-room was most attractive. In the very center of the room stood the Senior class table, with Miss Pierson, the Senior counselor, at its head, and Mildred Bodach, the Senior president, at its foot and in the center of the table, on his pedestal of honor, stood "Nebby," the mascot of the Seniors. To the right of the Seniors was that of the College Freshmen, in the center of which stood "Peter Pep," the little man whom the College Sophomores gave this year to the College Freshmen, because of their "pep" during the "hazing" week. The other tables were ranged about the sides of the room, each with its counselor at the head and its president at the foot.

When we had sung the doxology, the dinner began: first a delicious fruit cock-tail was served, an appetizer for the roast chicken, which followed immediately after with all the accessories—cranberries, mashed potatoes, pickles. After this course had been removed, a vegetable salad was brought in, which also marked the beginning of the most important part of the Thanksgiving dinner, the Class Songs. The College Sophomores started them by singing the following toast to the Faculty and the Dean, to the tune of "Old Fashioned Garden."

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

On this day of Thanksgiving,
We are anxious and willing
To our teachers and friends
On whom we depend,
To sing a toast to you:
You have worked to improve us,
And we know it behooves us,
To uphold in the future
The success we owe to you.

2.

On this day of Thanksgiving,
Our good wishes bringing,
To our Dean of the F. S. S.
With his ever ready jest,
We hail him best.
In his classes and chapel
To us knowledge he'll tell.
To be more specific——
Dean McKee, we love you well.

After the burst of applause which followed had subsided, the Seniors sang to the tune of "The Orange and the Black:"

Senior Class of '22,
We sing our toast to you.
We're Seniors always loyal,
We're Seniors always true,
We love old Frances Shimer,
In praise we'll never lack,
And the Seniors pledge allegiance
To the Orange and the Black.

And when we leave old Shimer,
We'll ne'er forget our class.
And also our Class Counselor,
She cannot be surpassed.
Nebby is our mascot,
And we shall keep him, too,
And the Seniors will be loyal
To the Class of '22.

The College Freshmen sang with much vigor:
Oh me! Oh my!
Our praise will never die!
If anybody loves old F. S. S.
It's I! I! I! I! I!

They repeated this twice, and the applause nearly brought the house down, for as there are more College Freshmen than there are girls in any other class in school, the effect of the song was very striking.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Then the Juniors struck up with the following toast to the Seniors, to the tune of "Irene."

Seniors, you are not very good as guardians,
Because poor Nebby's showing signs of old age!

He is quite grey-haired,
He looks so scared,
We're 'fraid you don't take care!
He looks so weak,
From loss of sleep,
Lookout! He'll lose his balance!
Seniors, why can't you find a place to hide him?
Careful! Beware!

We'll get him yet! We'll get him yet!
We'll get him yet, by Jove!
If you persist, if you persist,
In taking him along,
Where'er you go, where'er you go,
He's always there we know,—
Protected from our watchful eyes!!!

After this courageous outburst, the Juniors subsided again, to wait and watch patiently, or otherwise, till dinner was ended.

Then the Sophomores added to the general feeling of Thanksgiving which prevailed in the air, by singing a toast to the Dean: (To the tune of "The End of a Perfect Day.")

As we gather again for our Thanksgiving spread,
Dean McKee, we all want you to know,
That your efforts, your hopes, and your prayers
for us all,
Will reach far o'er the world as we go.
We will wander in years from our campus so
dear
But its memories will keep fresh as dew;
In our lives we will add countless blessings
and cheer—
For your teachings so tried and so true.

Next came the Freshmen:

When you see a Senior strolling by,
She sticks up her nose, I wonder why?
I guess she thinks she's awful smart,
But she forgets where she got her start!
And we get the slams, one by one,
But just the same, we have gobs of fun!

All these were but one round of songs, and there were eight rounds! During the songs, the dessert had been brought in, ice cream, and delicious little frosted cup cakes. No sooner had the songs been finished than the speeches began — from the Dean, Miss Morrison, and different trustees and members of the faculty.

At about three-fifteen, after the songs and speeches had all been given, Ruth King, one of the Seniors, suddenly left the table with Nebby under her arm, and before anyone could move, she was flying over to Hathaway! Then began the mad chase! Seniors and Juniors rose with one accord, and dashed towards Hathaway Hall. The Juniors swarmed through the windows and every possible exit, for the Seniors were blocking the main door.

The Juniors did not get him!

The Prom

After the usual Frances Shimer Thanksgiving excitement the day was fitly finished by a formal prom which was given by the College Freshman class. The stairs, reception hall, and ball room were beautifully decorated with streamers of different shades of light colored crepe paper arrayed on the lights at the windows. These colors and graceful arrangements gave a very delightful and warm atmosphere to the whole scene. Baskets of crepe paper chrysanthemums of the same delicate colors were sitting in different convenient corners and helped to give the appearance of pleasant fall. Between the seventh and eighth dances Laura Frazier and Alice Wilson did an interpretative dance. Laura represented storm and rain and Alice, coming out later, represented sunshine, which, in the end, was victorious. This dance was accompanied on the piano by Genevieve Freeman. Between other dances various colored balloons were dropped from the balcony in the reception hall, and each girl did her best to secure one. The five-piece orchestra was considered very good. During the latter part of the dance delightfully refreshing punch was served. After the "Home, Sweet Home" was played the girls literally begged for one more piece, which was granted, although it was short. Every one had enjoyed herself so immensely that she was indeed loath to leave the prom. We owe our thanks to Miss Neale and her Freshman class for such a pleasant Thanksgiving evening.

Miss Greenough Visits N. S. S.

Students and teachers of Frances Shimer were honored during the week-end between November twenty-sixth and twenty-eighth, by the visit of Miss Frances Greenough who came as a representative of the Education Board of the Northern Baptist Convention. Those who were here last year will remember that Dr. Foster came as a representative of the same organization. The objects of these visits are not to inspect but rather to instruct and advise students on any question pertaining to school life.

After conducting the opening exercises at the Baptist Sunday School, Miss Greenough spent the entire afternoon in conference work with groups of girls. All who were privileged to hear her obtained valuable information regarding choice of schools, choice of vocations, and the importance of school life. These conferences were even more interesting because Miss Greenough told of personal experiences in social service work. In the evening, she conducted vespers, taking as her subject, "The Religion of Friendship," and summarizing her talk by the statement, "Religion is Friendship." Monday morning she addressed the student body at House meeting and spoke on having a purpose in life. The feeling is universal among students that not only the words, but the personality of the speaker will be remembered, and should prove an inspiration in the days to come.

Senior Class Play

The Academy Senior class play, "The New Lady Bantock," by Jerome K. Jerome, was presented at Metcalf Hall on December 3.

The action was represented as taking place in Bantock Hall, Rutlandshire, England. Lord Bantock brings to his home a bride who has been an actress; and trouble arises when the new Lady Bantock discovers that the entire body of twenty-two servants, the Bennets, are her relatives, who have never approved of her. The servants do not disclose their relationship, but the new mistress is put in the humiliating position of being trained by her own butler and his staff. Finally Lady Bantock asserts her rights, dismisses the servants, and confesses everything to her husband; a reconciliation is brought about between the Bantocks and the Bennets.

Helen Burgess showed her dramatic abilities by the skill with which she portrayed the whimsical Fanny of the stage and the more serious-minded Fanny as Lady Bantock. Mary Dudley made a striking Lord Bantock whose concern for the welfare and happiness of the young bride was very evident. The roles of the Misses Wetherell, the maiden aunts of Lord Bantock, were interpreted by Mary Warfield and Elizabeth Griffin with the primness and dignity befitting ladies of their degree. In representing a true type of a loyal and conscientious butler, Bernice Rayburn, as Bennet, upheld the honor of both Bantocks and Bennets with a gravity of bearing that was amusing to the audience. Ruth Cornelius as Susannah Bennet, the housekeeper of Lady Bantock. Ruth King as Jane Bennet and Marion Crane as Honoria Bennet, maids of the household, all entered into the task of reforming Lady Bantock with the deepest concern. Helene O'Boyle as Ernest Bennet, the little servant boy, demurely concealed his sly and rather impertinent actions. Elizabeth Whipple played well the part of Dr. Freemantle, family physician and confidential adviser. Charlotte Hageman as George P. Newte, the former business manager of Lady Bantock, presented by her informal and dashing manners the marked contrast between the life on the stage and the quiet life of the Misses Wetherell. The frivolous stage com-

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

panions of Fanny — Priscilla Kizer, Martha Hurd, Alice Dean, Elizabeth Briggs, Iva Hume and Beulah Goble — added a comic element to the play.

Mention should be made of the attractive stage setting and the appropriate and effective costuming.

Credit is due to Miss Pierson, the class counselor, whose competent assistance helped make the play a success.

Vespers, December 4

Dean McKee had charge of the vesper service. His topic was "The Place of Religion." He spoke of the place of the church in making religion effective, and then discussed the fundamentals of religion, whether in the church or individual persons. In naming these fundamentals he followed a recent article by Lyman Abbot in the "Outlook." The quartet consisting of Genevieve Freeman playing the piano, Charlotte Hagemand and Frances Gorsline, violins, and Leota Blow, 'cello, played for the first time for the student body.

Student Recital

On Saturday evening, December tenth, the students of the music department gave a piano and voice recital at Metcalf Hall. The interesting program was well rendered, and many of the numbers showed considerable talent and application on the part of the performers.

The selections were as follows:

Loure	-----	Bach
	Esther Peterson	
Improvisation	-----	Mac Dowell
	Margaret Palmer	
Rigaudon	-----	Grieg
	Evelyn Garvey	
Four Leaf Clover	-----	Coombs
	Marjorie Thompson	
Poupee Valsante	-----	Poldini
	Elizabeth Wiswell	
Prelude Op. 28 No. 15	-----	Chopin
	Grace Wong	
Second Mazurka	-----	Godard
	Helen Telfer	
Sunbeams	-----	Ronald
	Elizabeth Briggs	
Brownies	-----	Korngold
	Monica Wells	
(a) The Eagle	-----	Mac Dowell
(b) Shadow Dance	-----	Mac Dowell
	Alice Winston	
When the Heart is Young	-----	Buck
	Thelma Brooke	

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Impromptu Op. 28	Reinhold
Gail Hubbell	
Prelude in G	Rachmaninoff
Frances Zangle	
(a) In the Heart of a Rose	Protheroe
(b) Thank God for a Garden	Del Riego
Mabelle Mest	
(a) Bird Song	Palmgren
(b) Rhapsodie Op. 79 No. 2	Brahms
Genevieve Freeman	

The Christmas Party

Monday, December 12, the Y. W. C. A. gave the annual Christmas party in College Hall. In one room stood a Christmas tree, and in the fire-place a fire burned brightly, giving the room a "Christmasy" air.

After we had gathered there at three o'clock, we heard outside the voices of the "Mummers" in a Christmas hymn. They entered singing, and gave us several carols. Alice Winston lit the four candles which stand for health, wealth, peace and love, and for "wishes unknown." Next Ruth King lit the bay berry candle to bring "health to the household, food to the larder, and wealth to the pocket." After this, while Della Hinshaw sang an old English "Yule Log" song, the log was brought in to the fire, and Myrtle Hall explained the old belief that by the burning of the log the fortunes of the household could be foretold. Wanda Evans then placed on the fire the Christmas fagots, herbs having some lucky power. Pauline Thompson put a holly wreath in the window and lighted a candle to shine through it, to guide the Christ child on His way to us. From the balcony above the stairs came the song "Holy Night." Then a reading from "Ben Hur"—"The Shepherds and the Angels" was given by Pearl Kulp, and Miss Kesson sang "O Holy Night."

Next we turned to jollity again when the "wassail" bowl was brought in, and singing an old wassail song we all filed into the dining-room to receive punch and delicious cakes. There was still another surprise in store for us, for Santa Claus appeared with greetings for all of us, and special greetings for the Dean and Miss Morrison that left the rest of us green with jealousy. Our hurt feelings were almost recovered, though, when he gave us stockings filled with popcorn and candy. Then an immense package was thrown into the air, containing all manner of gifts such as "Oh Henry's", soap, and all-day-suckers. Everyone scrambled to get one.

After seeing Santa Claus this year we have all determined to be very good all this coming year in hopes that we may attend another such lovely party next Christmas.

Comings and Goings

Miss Morrison and Miss Leonard went November 17 to Champaign, Illinois, to attend two conferences, one for Deans, and the other for High School teachers. After receiving much valuable information, they returned, November 20, well satisfied.

Miss Neale left for Chicago, November 25, where she attended the National English Teachers' Council.

The School has had many guests this fall. Besides the parents, and friends of the present students, several old girls have returned for over Thanksgiving and the week-end following to see how the new girls are enjoying their former pleasures. A few of these guests since the latter part of October are as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Norman Griffin, Mrs. A. C. Leffel, and Mrs. P. A. Hubbell, Grant Park; Mr. C. W. Warfield, Bemidji, Minnesota; Mrs. G. I. Whipple, Oak Park; Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Wiswell, Chicago; Miss E. Miller, Chicago, guest of Ruth Chrissinger; Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Lewis, Chicago; Mrs. V. S. Johnson, Chicago, and Mrs. G. E. Stehlik, of Oak Park, guests of Myrtle Hall; Miss Ruth Briggs, Rockford; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pooley and daughter Hazel, Scales Mound; Miss Helen Holcomb, Sycamore, guest of Rose Dutton; Madge Hinshaw, Chicago. During Thanksgiving week Faith Reichelt of the class of twenty-one was a guest of Marion Hopkins and Willa von Oven of the same class visited her sister, Dorothea. Marion McKee and Emily Taylor, both old girls, were guests of Esther Peterson and Elizabeth Kneeland.

Athletics

The Captain Ball season ended with the game Thanksgiving morning between College and Academy. Then Basket Ball began with a great deal of interest and enthusiasm.

There have been several five-mile hikes, and owing to the fact that it was impossible to have any ten-mile hikes, it has been decided that there need not be any included in the thirty miles required to get a small letter. Several girls will get letters before the Christmas vacation.

Besides the regular gym classes there is a class for those of too much avoirdupois in which class there seem to be quite a number. Walking as another sport seems to be wearing out the walks around the campus for the same purpose as the class.

The Athletic Association meets the first Thursday of every month. The purpose of the Association is to interest the girls in athletics and arouse spirit. The officers are these:

- President — Elizabeth Wiswell.
- Vice-Pres. — Marjorie Thompson.
- Secretary — Mildred Bodach.
- Treasurer — Charlotte Hageman.
- The heads of sports are these:
- Hiking — Esther Peterson.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Golf — Myrtle Hall.
Tennis — Marion Hopkins.
Captain Ball — Leona Masor.
Basket Ball — Elizabeth Kneeland.
Faculty Advisers — Miss Lamb.
— Miss Carlock.

The Y. W. C. A. Budget

The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet members on November 11 held chapel for the benefit of presenting and explaining the budget for the association for the year. It is as follows:

Social Committee	\$ 50.00
Social Service Committee	75.00
Membership Committee	120.00
Religious Education Committee	125.00
National Fund	60.00
Cabinet Fund	20.00
Student Friendship Fund	200.00
Total	\$650.00

The Social Service Committee uses its money to send baskets and other gifts to the poor and needy at Christmas time and other periods of hardship during the year. The money asked by the Membership Committee goes toward sending a certain number of delegates from this School each summer to the Geneva Conference. The Religious Education Committee sends its donation to aid the Y. W. C. A. work in Japan. The National Fund goes to the support of the association work in our own country. The small amount asked by the Cabinet is used for unexpected things which may come up in the association, and the largest sum named in the budget is expended for the benefit of the needy students in Europe.

The campaign is over, with the total pledge of five hundred and fifty-seven dollars. The Cabinet has not yet decided what to do to make up the deficit in the amount asked for in the budget.

Class Notes

College Sophomores

The College Sophomores feel now that they are truly the class in the School; November 22 the faculty granted them their privileges. Amongst other honors they now sit all together in the front row in chapel and try bravely to lead the School out — in step!

Every alternate Friday after dinner the Sophs have decided to hold regular meetings. Special meetings will be held between times whenever necessary. The Sophs are now the proud wearers of the good-looking College '22 pins. Little "C" guards make the pins more attractive than ever. It's a pleasant feeling to know that every Frances

Shimer Junior College graduate is, in a sense, a sister and wears a sister pin.

The Sophomores are agreed that they like fire places. The night of November 11 they all went to College and decided with Miss Morrison that a real home should be four walls around a fire place. She served them the loveliest of after-theater refreshments. They all sat around the fire — each member of the cast in her costume — and talked over the play. The Sophomores thank Miss Morrison for a very happy memory.

On December 11 they assembled again around the open fire in College dining-room. Miss Morrison and Miss Pollard were guests of honor at this informal gathering. Cinamon toast and coffee and afterward marshmallows toasted over the fire certainly added to the "spice" of the party. As the fire burned low Miss Pollard read a lovely Christmas story.

College Freshmen

College Freshmen were delightfully entertained by our counselor, Miss Neale, at a Floral party, which was given in College Hall parlor, Monday evening, November 14. The hours from three until five were busily spent in making decorations for the Thanksgiving prom and everywhere a spirit of enthusiasm prevailed. Dainty refreshments of ice cream, cakes, and cocoa were served at the close of the afternoon by Alice Douglas, Shirley Deen, and Leota Blow.

The formal presentation of "Peter Pep," after the Thanksgiving dinner, will serve as a "red letter" event in the minds of College '22. Surely our pride at being the original recipients of this little mascot should inspire us to live up to the ideal for which he stands.

Seniors

The Seniors have enjoyed two of Miss Pierson's after-Vespers spreads, one on October thirteenth, and one on November fourth. The parties are just social "getting togethers" of the girls in the class, where everyone has a chance to become more freely acquainted with the other girls and with Miss Pierson. Our counselor is a wonderful hostess and one could not leave a party of hers without having thoroughly enjoyed herself. At her winter spreads we are sure to have, with the other delicious refreshments, "Miss Pierson's Own" coffee. Anyone who has ever tasted any of this kind can testify as to its right to be called by this special name. The class is sure that everyone else envies its good times at these parties; but we will always be kind enough to tell you what you missed, and wish you could have been there, too.

The Seniors were granted their much longed and looked for "privs" on October 27.

Thanksgiving was a day of great excitement for both Seniors and Juniors because Nebuchadnezzar made his debut. After dinner there was the Juniors' annual rush for him, but as per usual, worse-their-barking-than-their-bitting. Besides a little child-like scrambling out of

LEMON SNAPS





the dining-room windows, they did but little, and Nebby, of course, is still with us.

Have you seen the Seniors' pins? Aren't they "beeyooteful"?

Juniors

Sunday evening, November 13, Miss Carlock and Miss Weeks gave us a spread after Vespers, down in Students' Parlor. We were served sandwiches, cocoa and wafers, chocolate cake and ice cream. It certainly tasted good! Afterwards, we played games, and talked over class affairs till the nine o'clock bell rang, when we all separated to our rooms, after thanking Miss Carlock and Miss Weeks for the good time we had.

Academy Sophomores

Several exciting meetings have been held these last few weeks. During the time around Thanksgiving we found out how popular we really were, especially on some afternoons down near Science Hall.

At Thanksgiving dinner we were very proud to see Miss Lamb at the head of our table, which she had arranged so charmingly.

Academy Freshmen

November 14 all the Freshmen were invited over to Miss Gillard's room to spend the afternoon. We brought our sewing and decided on several tunes for our class songs. Later in the afternoon refreshments were served. I am sure every girl was sorry to hear the five-thirty bell calling us to dinner.

Thanksgiving week we spent most of our spare time in Dearborn Hall practicing our songs for the dinner.

The Inquiring Reporter

What are the future prospects of Frances Shimer?

Would it be wiser to enlarge the present enrollment or to better the equipment now in use?

Elizabeth Wiswell, Academy '23, President of the Athletic Ass'n.

The future prospects of F. F. S. look very promising. There are more and more girls disappointed each year by not being able to be among us. The general opinion of the student body seems to be not to enlarge the enrollment but to better the equipment.

Elizabeth Jackson, College '22, President of Y. W. C. A.

I think the future prospects of Frances Shimer are that she will be among the schools of the Middle West that have the highest standing, and a school to which girls will go to get an all around mental, physical and social development.

To me it seems wiser to keep the school the same size as now and better the equipment rather than to enlarge the enrollment; for Frances Shimer can hardly be said to have an adequate library and gymnasium; at least they are not equal to those of other schools with which she is ranked.

Miss Smith, Teacher of English:

To the first of these questions I can only say that I can see no reason why Frances Shimer's future should fall below her worthy past and present. However, to tell in any specific way what her prospects are would call for greater knowledge than I have the policies and plans for her future.

As to the second question, if it is to be strictly interpreted as offering alternatives of which it is impossible to secure both, I say unhesitatingly that the second alternative seems better to me. I should think it unfortunate if an attempt were made to serve in our present music hall, library, and some of our laboratories and class rooms a larger number of girls than we now have. In my opinion such a situation, particularly in the Junior College, would tend to lower intellectual standards; the independent methods of work belonging to resourceful scholarship would not be likely to be developed. And I should say that the greatest need of Frances Shimer (again I speak especially of the College) is higher and more intense intellectual tastes and interests. While these are not invariably found with splendid material equipment, yet inadequate books and apparatus or cramped housing for these do not offer favorable conditions for the culture of such tastes and interests. However, if equipment were to keep pace with a growing student body, I think that an increase up to perhaps two hundred students would be an advantage. We could reasonably expect that standards of work could then be held higher, and that all activities would be enlivened.

Betty Shattuck, College '22, President of the Diversion Club:

Shall we look ahead to a Frances Shimer with forty or fifty more pupils, or shall we imagine our present enrollment living in better equipped buildings?

Each of the prospects may be viewed with attending advantage but also with objections, and after a process of elimination I find that the latter comes out victorious. Frances Shimer of to-day plus improved equipment.

It's such an ideal little group—the children of our Alma Mater; everyone knows her neighbor and everyone's neighbor knows her. Each year a number of new members step in to fill the ranks left vacant by graduates of the preceding year. They are not a hit and miss group enrolled with little discrimination, but the registration is restricted to a select few; those desirable for the welfare of this institution. And the faculty become acquainted with the new girls and learn the distinctive qualities of each more satisfactorily than they could should the number of personalities be increased. Now the girls are accepted as individuals, studied, and moulded into shape for the future. Here's a process demanding time and skill which could not be directed to a greater enrollment. And while the faculty are studying their new pupils, the students themselves mingle and take up the school life as one large, progressive unit. Seldom if ever does a clique of friends form and pass through the year segregated from their class mates. The number of students

does not allow it; you are a "Frances Shimerite" and not a member of any select crowd. We love this democratic community spirit and feel it should be preserved.

New equipment is a present need. Library space is inadequate; and what could be done with forty or fifty new members in quest of knowledge? Likewise Dearborn Hall does not meet the demands of pupils in room space. Let us imagine our present family in a more completely equipped Frances Shimer. What could be more ideal?

Exchanges

We can surely derive much benefit by reading the November 23, issue of the "West Tech Tatler." Among the interesting news items there are "Ten Golden Maxims" which are certainly worth mentioning. In fact the first and the last are so good that I am going to quote them that everyone may have an opportunity to see them:

- (1) Honor the chief. There must be a head to everything.
- (10) Be fair and do at least one decent act every day in the year.

"The Suggestions for Auditorium" are likewise good bits of advice; even if we can't make use of them in an auditorium, there are many ways in which we can put them to effectual use.

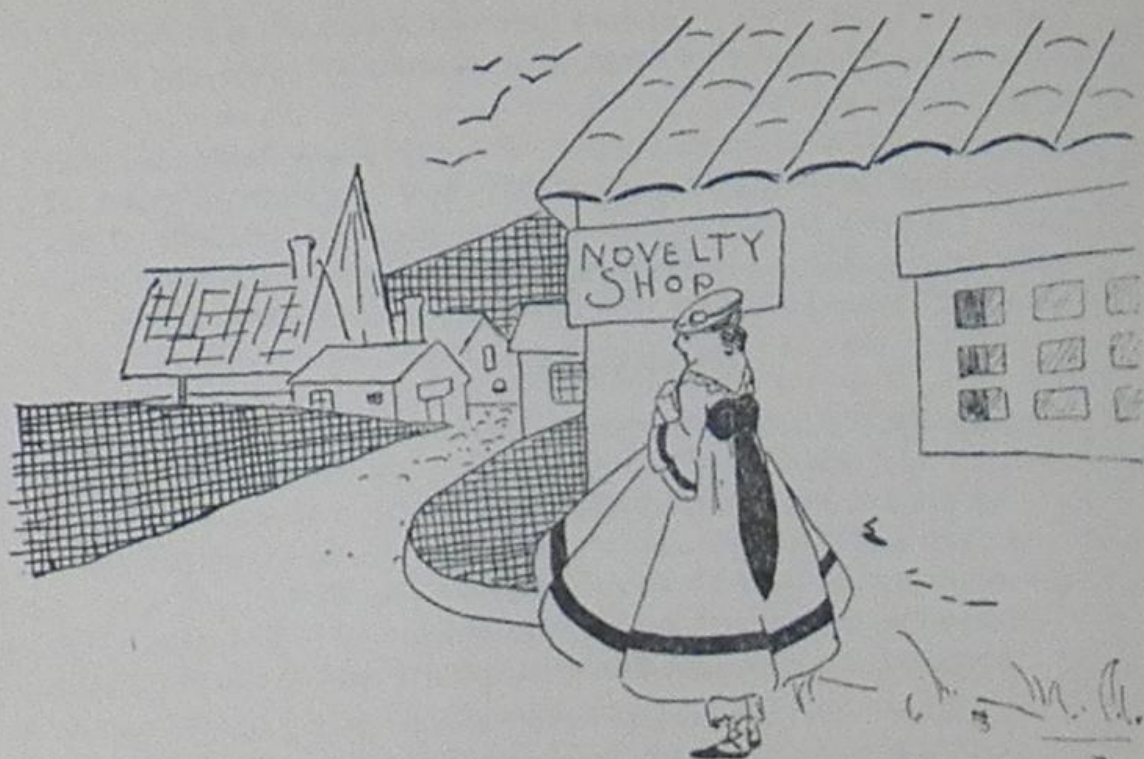
Judging from the reading matter in "The Stephens Standard," Stephens College must have an enthusiastic group of girls. The article entitled, "That Boarding School Idea," in the October issue is extremely interesting and quite applicable to every girls' school. Let's hope that to say of any of us, "She's a boarding school girl," is truly equivalent to saying: "She is a responsible girl with a conscience and a sense of honor—not a fickle, fluttery fly-by-night with a mania for forbidden fun." Another section which particularly interested me was that entitled, "Burrall Bits;" it has much of value in it and I took forward with pleasure to reading that part in the next issue.

We gratefully acknowledge

Midget Messenger, Camp Unaka, The June Log, Northwestern Alumni News, The Young Eagle, The Denisonian, The Bachelor, The Skirmisher, The Wabash Record Bulletin, Wayland Greetings, Pennsylvania Standard, The Beloit Alumnus, The Oneida Mountaineer, The Gustavian Weekly, Smith College Weekly.

We especially missed

The Midway, The Triangle, New Trier Echoes, Ogontz Mosaic, Ferry Tales, The Tabula, The Jabberwock.



ODE TO SANTA'S WIFE

Everybody talks about the funny old Kris Kringle,
 But did you ever stop to think,
 When you hear those sleigh bells jingle.
 That maybe Santa's little wife, who's fat and jolly too.
 Has packed his bag so nicely
 And tied his muffler too?
 O let us sing to Santa's wife and send her Christmas joys.
 I've heard it said that Mrs. S. makes almost all the toys.

AN EXERCISE FOR DUMB-BELLS

- 1—When was the war of 1812?
- 2—Between whom was the Spanish-American war fought?
- 3—Where is the University of Chicago?
- 4—Who wrote the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin?
- 5—Where are the Pyramids of Egypt?

Ruth B: "Miss Brown has given me two days to make up my experiments

Tubby: "Well?"

Ruth: "I guess I'll take the Fourth of July and Christmas."

The Bell That's a Knell

'Twas seven bells,
 And each knew well.
 A tardy mark she'd get.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

The rest stood round the tables set,
As o'er the ground we tardies flew,
Still buttoning dress and tying shoe.
Just in the door—that awful knell,
The sounding of the breakfast bell.

Santa's Shopping List.

- For the Dean:—An automatic brain installer for his economics class.
For Miss Morrison:—A school of girls who are never late for breakfast, and who know their left foot from their right one.
For Miss Pierson:—A first floor Hathaway, that will not talk above a whisper, and a proctor who never says "darn."
For Miss Walker:—A cooking class that saves every crumb.
For Miss Pollard:—A shorthand class with at least one bright pupil.
For Miss Gillard:—More positions as church organist to take up some of her leisure time.
For Misses Smith and Neale and the Record Staff:—"Gobs" of material for the Record.
For Mrs. Sweatt:—A few patients with a little patience.
For Miss Willis:—Couches for some of her English History students.
For the College Sophs.:—A last look at Peter Pep.
For the College Freshies:—Room to expand their chests.
For the Academy Seniors:—131 more days at F. S. S.
For the Academy Juniors:—Nebby.
For the Academy Sophs.:—A little "pep."
For the Academy Freshies:—Lots of sympathy. (They'll need it.)
For the House Committee:—A little peace.
For All:—A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

YE COLLEGE GROUP.

We hope that the girls at whom fun we poke,
Will take this as it's meant—a joke.

Did you ever think as your way you go,
Of the types of girls you come to know?
There's Wilma Willett with golden hair,
And Maybelle Cubbon with locks ever fair.
Annis Daly so slim and tall,
Mary Lohr so very small.
Helen Carr so simple and retiring,
Her quiet ways we're always admiring.
For baby talk we have Myrtle Hall,
In her child-like way she's wise to all.
Eliza Jackson must have things explained.
Bess Kirtley, is your innocence feigned?
Then there's Pearl, our esteemed House President,
Whose heart and mind on achievement are bent.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Take them all in all, they can't be beat,
Our fine College group is the best you'll meet.

What would happen if we ever would—die laughing, get scared green,
or turn into a grease spot?

FIRST FLOOR HATHAWAY.

Oh, the girls on first floor Hathaway
Are ready to study, or ready to play.
In the morning at half past six,
Faces they wash and hair they fix.
At seven, to breakfast with haste they make,
And drink their cocoa and stare at their cake.
By cake I mean the Johnny kind,
Alas! 'twas waffles they had in mind.
There at the horrid hour of eight
To classes they hurry so they won't be late.
Four hours they study, and study hard,
So parents will see a good mark on their card.
At twelve they all make a mad, wild dash,
To West, where they diligently eat up their hash.
Then three hours more they plug away,
Those studious maidens of Hathaway.
The three-thirty bell in the late afternoon
Ends bright recitations all too soon.
They play and they dance till the hour of five
Just to show F. S. S. they still are alive.
At five-thirty for dinner they'll all dress so gay,
You can tell they're from first floor Hathaway.

Corny, eating pineapple flavored with gasoline: "Gee! this tastes funny."

Beulah, putting hers aside: "Corny, you're a regular Ford."

Our Table

"We're reducing, we're reducing,"
Nine young maidens cried.
"We can't eat mince pies or muffins,
Nothing sweet and nothing fried.
"Oh, no, thank you! Oh, no, thank you!
We don't care for bread to-night,
Just a pickle and some water:
(This reducing is a fright.)"
Pounds we're losing, pounds we're losing,
Thinner day by day we grow;
Thinner faces, thinner ankles,
Soon our cheeks will lose their glow.

Skirt bands loose and getting looser,
We will get there slow but sure.
Hours of hunger, deprivation;
What won't vanity endure?

FINIS:

Here's to you—
Don't misconstrue;
The toast I say
Is to Christmas Day.

The Scattered Family

Miss Glee Hastings, former student and teacher in Frances Shimer School, sailed Nov. 3, on the U. S. S. Providence to resume her duties in connection with the Near East Relief work in Constantinople, where she has charge and administration of 40 orphanages of the city, housing over 10,000 children.

Mary Fry, '98, is spending the winter in California.

Geraldine Hegert, '19, is a stenographer in the offices of the Alberger Heating Co., of Chicago.

Laverne Burgan, College '13, was recently married to Mr. Guy W. York, of Arthur, Illinois.

Ernestine Jacobi Henry, '13-'14, resides in Denver, Colo. She has two young sons, Bobby and Don.

Cecile Hall, '12-'13, is now Mrs. May, and lives in Leroy, Illinois. Her little son, a year old, has recently passed through a severe illness.

A Frances Shimer Association with fourteen members has been organized at Madison, Wis. Several interesting meetings have been held already this fall.

Miss Ockes, a former teacher of science in Frances Shimer, is teaching in the High School of Ann Arbor, Mich., and doing graduate work in the University of Michigan.

Helen Holloway, '18, has charge of the advertising of a large department store in South Bend, Ind., for which she does the copy writing. She writes: "The store is one of the largest in the state and principles behind the merchandising and advertising are high. Our 'ads' have received favorable mention as among the best there are in the country, in the Retail Ad-News. We also had local mention in the city."

Elizabeth Briggs, a member of the Senior Academy Class, represents the third generation of her family to be graduated from the School. Her great aunt, Helta Holingshead, was a member of the class of 1859, and her aunt, Alice Briggs Doer, of 1869.

Harriet Shirk Wells, '98, of Marshalltown, Iowa, was a guest of the School in November, while visiting her sister, Mrs. Nellie Shirk Rine-walt, '77, in Mt. Carroll.

Ethel Ank Doty, College '14, with her husband, is making an extended tour of the west, traveling by automobile. They expect to be gone about a year.

The School appreciated the thoughtful Thanksgiving greetings that came from Geneva Van Avery, College, '20, in Minneapolis, where she is a Senior in the University of Minnesota.

Everyone was glad to welcome Faith Riechelt, '21, and Willa Von Oven, '21, when they came back to the Thanksgiving "prom."

H. May Cole, '08, is busily engaged with her work in Art, and is also giving splendid service to the Community church in her home town, McDonald, Kansas.

The Record extends sincere sympathy to Sue Clark Perkins, '05, in the loss of her husband, Mr. John A. Perkins, who died suddenly at their home in Lockport, New York, in October. Mr. Perkins was a member of the United Gas and Electric Engineering Corporation, for which company he had held various responsible positions in different parts of the country. At the time of his death he was vice-president and manager of the Lockport Light, Heat and Power Co., said to be one of the most complicated operating problems of the corporation because the service has electricity and steam, for lighting and heating and power purposes. The Lockport Journal, commenting editorially upon Mr. Perkins, speaks of him both as an efficient officer of a big public service corporation giving full measure of his energy to serve and satisfy the public, and as a man who combined many of the rare and finest qualities of manhood and citizenship.

Gladys Weld Roberts, '12-'13, in sending her subscription to the Record, from her home in Fort Atkinson, Wis., encloses a snapshot of her young son, Billie, 2½ years old, whom we welcome into the ranks of the "Scattered Family." During the summer she had visits from Della Ashenbrenner Olmstead, and Belle Bement Edwards, both of whom were touring Wisconsin by auto.

Grace Oberheim, College '14, who completed the course in Library Science, in the University of Wisconsin, resigned her position in the Public Library of Dubuque, Iowa, and became librarian at Frances Shimer in September.

Ellen Phillips Replinger, College '13-'14, sends greetings from her home at Downer's Grove. She writes: "You might be interested to know what I have been doing since I left Frances Shimer. I was graduated in Home Economics at the University of Chicago, taught the subject at Rochelle, (Ill.) High School, and later at the Iowa State College at Ames. Then I married and now have a son, Roger Dean, born July 13, 1921."

Minnie Swift Yates, '71, of Long Beach, California, is spending the winter with friends in Mt. Carroll.

Emily Taylor, College '21 and Marion McKee, College '20-'21, spent the week-end following Thanksgiving, with friends at Frances Shimer.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Edna Gillogly, College '18, is studying Library Science at the University of Illinois.

Alice Lichty, '84, resides in Bowling Green, Florida. She writes: "I love F. S. S. for Auld Lang Syne's sake, and always look for Alumnae News in the Record."

The November number of the Midwest Life Bulletin, contains an interesting article on Mr. A. J. Sawyer, who, since taking up his residence in Lincoln, in 1875, has been actively interested in and identified with the affairs of both the city and the state. Particular mention is made of the fine, unselfish service given to the community by both Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, (Winona Branch, '71). The hospitality of the Sawyer home in Lincoln is proverbial.

Dorothy Sprague Stevens, College '18-'19, has charge of the interior decorating department of the Nyecraft shop in Des Moines, Iowa. She also superintends the hand decorating of the toys and utility articles created by the firm.

Elizabeth Darnell Clausen, College '15, has recently removed to Syracuse, New York, where her husband, Rev. Bernard Clausen, is pastor of the First Baptist Church.

Margaret Van Voorhees, '18, is teaching in Danville, Illinois.

Vivian Kier, '20, spent a week end in October with her sister at Frances Shimer.

Betty Huling, '18, is a Senior in Vassar; Dorothy Wodson of the same class is a Senior at Mt. Holyoke College.

Alice Keighan, '21, finds herself perplexed to answer the hundreds of questions put to her daily on as many subjects by her pupils. She writes: "The news all seemed to bring Frances Shimer so near to me again. The mere mention of Nebby and the bare thought of him captured by the Juniors made me feel like rushing in to help defend him."

Hortense Mandl Katz, College '15, recently opened her new home for a meeting of the Chicago Association of Frances Shimer students.

Lydia Fossler Frank, '95, leads a busy life in San Diego, Cal., where she has a music studio. Several of her recent songs, particularly "When Doves Do Coo" and "An Esquimaux Song" have received many favorable press notices in musical journals, and are being used by artists of note. A new song "A Hindoo Chant" is soon to be published. Mrs. Frank is also president of the local League of Penwomen.

Dorothy Britton Hill, College '16-'17, is a kindergarten teacher in the Public Schools of Warren, Ohio.

Marie Melgaard, College '15, has recently been appointed to the staff of the Winchester Memorial Hospital at Winchester, Virginia.

Veta Thorpe Nebel, College '14, is doing graduate work in English at the University of Michigan, and expects to receive a Master's degree in June. Her two small sons, three and four, are with her parents in Ann Arbor. She writes, "I wish that I had more time in which to keep in touch with my Frances Shimer friends, but we who study and teach find our time more than filled. For my part I find that being both

mother and teacher is a tremendous job."

Emily Taylor, College '21, is teaching in the Public Schools of Danville, Illinois.

Virginia Doschadis, '20, is the office secretary of the Wheeler School of Music and Dramatic Arts, at Madison, Wis.

Leona Pierson Smith, '18, in renewing her subscription to the Record, gives her new address as 106 Cascadilla Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

Helen Pratt, College '18, is teaching in the 4th grade of the public schools in Galesburg, while she continues her study in the Conservatory of Music of Knox College.

Miss Heuse, formerly instructor in Domestic Science at Frances Shimer, has recovered from her long, serious illness, and is teaching again in Mesa, Arizona.

Jeanne Boyd, '11, was the accompanist at a musical given recently in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where the program included several of Miss Boyd's songs.

Ruth Stephan, College '16-'17, was graduated last June with Phi Beta Kappa honors from the University of Minnesota. At present she is doing Mental Test Research in the Public Schools of Hinckley, Minnesota, for a thesis in Psychological Tests, to be offered in preparation for a higher degree. She writes: "I just gobble up the Scattered Family news in the Record, and an occasional familiar name is like a gleam of light to me."

Marian Richey, '17-'19, who is now Mrs. P. F. Ginter, resides at Bloomington, Illinois, and is continuing her study in the State Normal School there.

Esther Williams Campbell, College '18, who is doing social service work for the St. Louis Association for Social Work writes: "If only the girls living together in that large family at Shimer could appreciate their opportunity! I know I didn't until I left and learned something of 'how the other half lives.' Many times when I have a difficult problem to help one of my patients solve, it is comforting to think of Frances Shimer and Mt. Carroll, the creek, the hepatica-covered hillsides and the campus. They are all lovely pictures I carry with me."

"Dear Shimerites — (For that is what we all are) I have been thinking of everything and everyone there and I long to be able to fly to you and see the dear old campus again. Queer isn't it that we never truly appreciate a place until we leave it, and until time mellows it so much that we simply ache for old friends and old scenes. And now the main reason for this letter is my subscription to the Record, which I enclose. Love to you all." Irene Gunther, College '18.

Helen Moore, College '18, is doing clerical work in the First State Savings Bank in Mt. Carroll.

Loyalty of former Frances Shimer girls finds expression in the personnel of the present student body as follows:

Eleanor Kier, sister of Vivian Kier, '20;

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

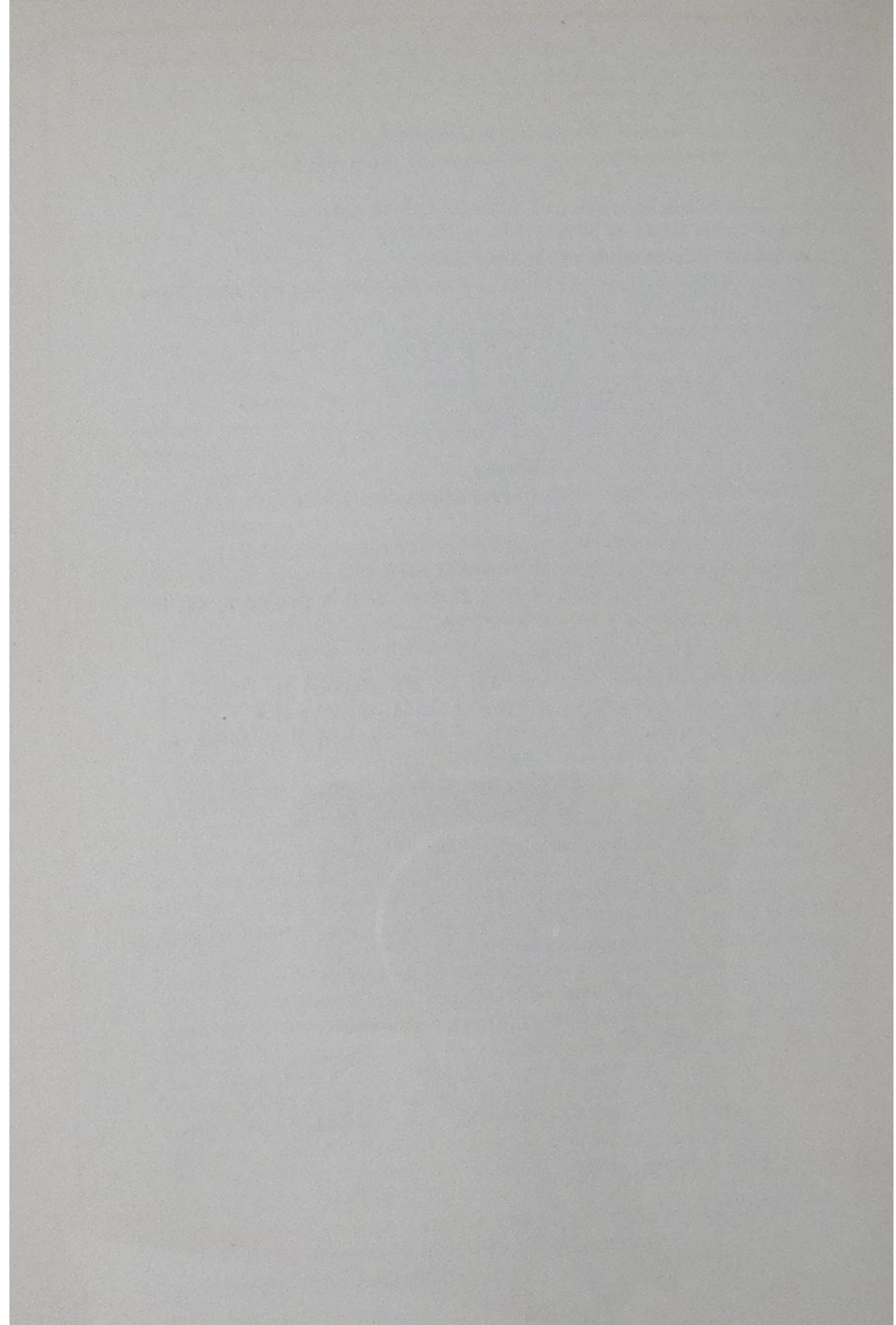
- Beulah Blanchard, sister of Mary Blanchard, '20;
Helen Hathaway Ramsey, daughter of Lola Hathaway Ramsey,
'94-'97;
Dorothea von Oven, sister of Willa von Oven, '21;
Helen Carr, sister of Virginia Carr, '19-'20;
Elizabeth Briggs, sister of June Briggs;
Margaret Eastabrooks, niece of Edna Eastabrooks, '88 and Ruth
Eastabrooks, Kilbourne, '89.
Frances Huling, sister of Elizabeth Huling, '18;
Vera Pooley, sister of Hazel Pooley, '16-'17;
Gertrude Moore, sister of Helen Moore, '18;
Helen Clark, sister of Esther Clark, '14;
Ruth Kingery, sister of Bessie Kingery Beck, '05.

Births

- To Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Chumbley (Geraldine White, '18) a daughter, Venita Carolyn, Nov. 3, 1921;
Mr. and Mrs. John W. Roberts (Gladys Weld, College '10-'11) a son, Robert Weld, October 29, 1921, at Fort Atkinson Wis.;
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Smith (Leona Pierson, '18) a daughter, Clella Louise, Nov. 20, 1921, at Ithaca, New York.

Marriages

- Janet Ethel Tarrson, College '19, to Mr. Samuel S. Oman, on Thursday, the twenty-fourth of November, 1921, in Chicago.
Dorothy Sprague, College '18-'19, to Mr. Carlton S. Stevens, on October 8, 1921, at Des Moines, Iowa.
Dorothy Sipes, '17-'20, (Art) to Mr. Robert Hanson, on Saturday, October 1st, at Chicago, Ill. At home, Mt. Carroll, Ill.



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A Home School for Girls and Young Women

FOUNDED 1853

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The buildings are eight in number, solidly constructed of brick and stone. They were designed strictly for school purposes, and have modern conveniences and appointments. The location, 127 miles west of Chicago, is very picturesque and is noted for its healthfulness. The grounds, consisting of thirty-five acres, are very attractive and are beautified by well-kept lawns and noble trees, many planted over a half century ago. Nine-hole golf course and tennis. Well-equipped gymnasium; all athletic work under the direction of a competent instructor. School hospital. Science Hall for Home Economics, Chemistry, and other Sciences. Rate \$600.00.

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